

AL.1.1303

READINGS BOOKLET



CANADA
JUL 17 1989

GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 33

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

June 1989

Alberta
EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 33**

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GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

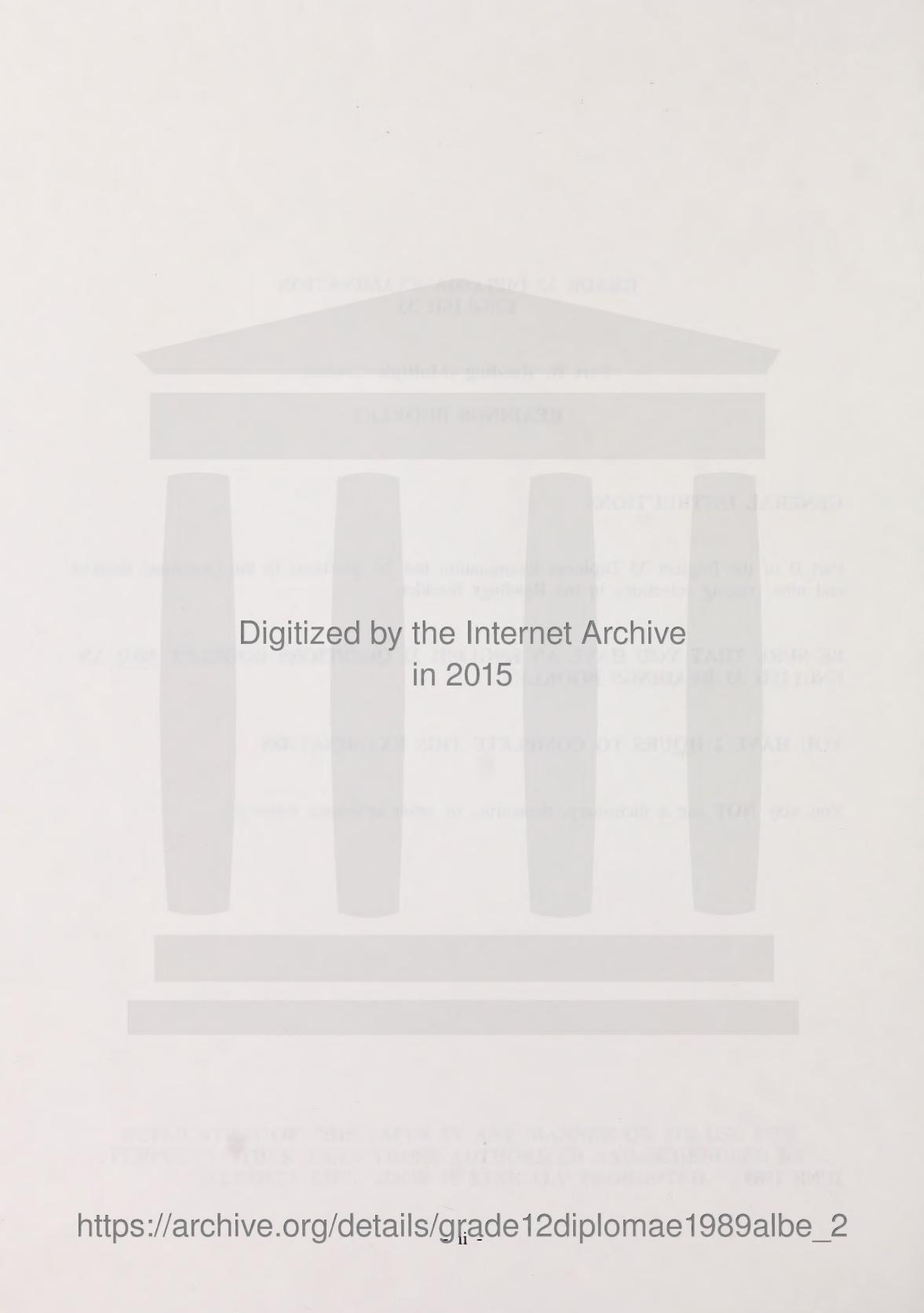
Part B of the English 33 Diploma Examination has 70 questions in the Questions Booklet and nine reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

**BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 33 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN
ENGLISH 33 READINGS BOOKLET.**

YOU HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JUNE 1989



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I. Read "Springsong" and answer questions 1 to 6 from your Questions Booklet.

SPRINGSONG

I meet my son
(eleven years old)
running by me some blocks from home.
"Where are you going?" I ask.

5 "Jogging" he says,
matter-of-fact.

Altogether he has enough flesh to cover
about two grasshoppers.

But I understand
10 Snow's retreating fast.
Grass is showing,
even a few spiky crocus blades.
Mornings now the sun's in the twigs
flashing like swords.

15 Days start in an explosion of light.

I feel the way he does,
thinking every hour, these days,
of hopping a jet,
any jet,
20 and jogging away somewhere,
anywhere
or just staying up there in the blue
flying around

Robin Mathews

II. Read the excerpt from "The Pigeon" and answer questions 7 to 17 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE PIGEON

The early March weather had been wet and windy, so much so that Mrs. Flemming did not venture out for several days. Ordinarily she made a point of going out every day "to keep fit." She and Mr. Flemming had been tireless walkers; with the dogs as an excuse they used to tramp for miles around the city.
5 But cancer took Mr. Flemming, and Mrs. Flemming broke her hip. She curtailed her walking, went out only when it was fine, and resigned herself to being without a dog.

Monday morning a chink of sunlight managed to penetrate the heavy bedroom curtains. Not only was Mrs. Flemming suffering from a mild case of cabin fever,
10 she had a long list of errands, not least of which was to purchase a longhandled brush for the kitty litter pan. She went out early in the afternoon, but in spite of the sunshine, the day held a winter chill. Still, she made a small detour on the way home to compensate for all those days of enforced inactivity.

On the opposite side of the street, in the shade, a faint movement caught her
15 eye. About to pass on by, she found herself trapped by her own curiosity and crossed the street to investigate. A half frozen pigeon, perched on the fire hydrant, flopped feebly about, one wing caught in ice formed by water leaking from the tap. It had obviously landed, rested, and been trapped before it could fly away. Mrs. Flemming dropped her packages and wrapped the bird in her woolen headscarf.
20 Then, with her bare hands, she melted the ice to free the trapped wing. With parcels tucked awkwardly under one arm and the pigeon under the other, she hurried back to her apartment building.

The telephone summoned her to the bedroom. "Hello, Mother," said Peggy's voice. "Marvellous news. Arthur's been accepted to the University of Guelph, for
25 the veterinary course, from dozens of applicants. That means the top floor here will be completely empty. I'll move the girls downstairs. It's high time you gave up that dark old apartment and moved in with us. You shouldn't be alone."

"I'm quite all right, Peggy, really. You call me every day. And there's Madame."

30 "Yes, but what if you should fall in the tub or something?"

"I'll think it over, Dear, I promise. But at the moment I'm dealing with a pigeon."

"Squab? Is someone coming for dinner?"

"No, Dear, it's alive. It was frozen. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow."

35 Mrs. Flemming rang off, her thoughts a whirl. "Priorities, Elizabeth, priorities," she told herself. To begin with, it was too late to call the S.P.C.A. Thank goodness her regular help, Madame, was coming tomorrow; she would know what to do about the pigeon. In the dining room her cat Anne Elliot mewed plaintively. And now the summons from Peggy. Mrs. Flemming realized that beneath the disorganized exterior lay genuine concern. Peggy wanted to look after her mother; her older daughter Lillian had made no such overtures. Peggy and her mother had talked in the past of Mrs. Flemming's coming to live, but Mrs. Flemming had always remained deliberately vague. Besides, there had been no room for her. But now

Continued

with her grandson Arthur leaving, a future problem had become a present threat.

45 To move into Peggy's house; to have to climb two flights of stairs with her sore hip anytime she wanted a little peace and privacy. Mrs. Flemming loved her grandchildren, but in small doses. She had always made it perfectly clear to Peggy that she would babysit only in dire emergency, but once inside Peggy's house she would be trapped. She would once again be obliged to make lunches, take down telephone messages, wait in for repairmen. Her time would no longer be her own.

50 Peggy's family was a loving one, but so noisy. They shouted at one another, practised instruments, played rock music. And all that sound would rise to the third floor. Mrs. Flemming would far rather pay rent. She thought with a pang of leaving the dank tranquility of her flat.¹ Better to move into the old people's home for which she had reluctantly put down her name last year.

55 She went to get some supper. The pigeon, now quite at home, was perched on the back of the stove. Mrs. Flemming cleaned a dropping from one of the burners, a messy job. She snacked out of the refrigerator while Anne Elliot scratched at the door. One of the penalties for growing old, Mrs. Flemming had discovered,

60 was that sleep becomes elusive. Her mind raced. She did not want to offend her daughter, but she knew she could never go to Peggy's house to live. And Peggy would never understand her mother's choosing to move to a senior citizens' home when she could stay with her own family. Mrs. Flemming tried to read, but could scarcely follow the words. Sleep came reluctantly.

65 The following morning at nine Madame was at the door. However, instead of allowing her to proceed directly to the kitchen where the expected coffee was ready, Mrs. Flemming steered her through open glass doors into the parlour. Foregoing the customary niceties in French, Mrs. Flemming proceeded to relate in apologetic English how a stray pigeon came to be temporarily resident in the kitchen.

70 "You mean there's a bird in there?" asked Madame, her brows drawing together. She marched her Wallabies² from the parlour and down the passageway, followed by Mrs. Flemming making conciliatory noises. In the kitchen Madame removed her coat and hat. Several more droppings had appeared; the bird had also upset the sugar basin. It lay in pieces on the floor, sugar crunching underfoot. Madame made an unsuccessful grab for the bird, which flapped from the stove to the top of the refrigerator.

75 By this time Anne Elliot had discovered the breach in the defenses and was crouching beneath the table, lashing her tail. Madame made another attempt to catch the bird, which fluttered through the open door and down the passageway with two women and a calico cat in hot pursuit. Into the parlour it flew to perch uncertainly on a bridge lamp. Mrs. Flemming shooed the cat into the hallway and shut the glass doors. Madame's face was thunder. With surprising agility she threw a dishcloth over the bird and seized it; her knowing hands explored the quivering body. "Its wing is broke," she announced. "It can't fly." Then, casually, she wrung the pigeon's neck. She returned to the kitchen, stepped on the pedal of the garbage can and dropped the soft gray body onto the remains of yesterday's supper.

80 For a moment Mrs. Flemming thought she was going to faint. She leaned against the door jamb and drew three deep breaths. Then she went into the bedroom.

Continued

¹flat — apartment

²Wallabies — brand name of leather shoes

90 From her purse she took ten dollars and a bus ticket. She walked with authority into the kitchen and put the money onto the table. "Leave this house at once," she said in a quiet but lethal voice. "And do not return again, ever, you — you wicked woman!" Madame tried to outface her erstwhile employer, but she proved no match for Mrs. Flemming's unflinching stare. Picking up her hat and coat she
95 scurried down the passageway. "Take the money!" commanded Mrs. Flemming in a ringing voice, but Madame was already out the door and scrambling for the stairs.

100 Mrs. Flemming went to the linen closet. From the top shelf she reached down a yellowing linen hand towel with her monogram in raised stitching, a remnant of her trousseau.³ She unfolded the towel on the kitchen table, then gently picked the dead pigeon from the garbage can. She folded the wings and smoothed the ruffled feathers. About to wrap the limp body in the hand towel, she was interrupted by the telephone. Clenching her fingers in a gesture of impatience, she went into the bedroom to answer.

105 "Mother?" said Peggy.

"Who else?" replied Mrs. Flemming tartly.

110 "Mother, I've been talking to Arthur and he plans to get a job in Alberta this summer. He'll be leaving towards the end of June. He can move downstairs until he takes off. The girls can double up; it won't kill them. That means you can give up your apartment on the first of May and move into the empty room. There's heaps of space in the basement for your things."

115 The subversive thought occurred to Mrs. Flemming that Peggy, totally inept at planning her own life, was only too eager to organize the lives of those around her. "My lease still has another full year to run. And I can't bear the thought of subletting, all those strangers tramping through the place. I'm not even sure about the lease, whether it allows me to sublet. I think I'll just stay put until the lease expires and then I'll decide."

"But, Mother, you really shouldn't . . ."

120 In no mood to argue, Mrs. Flemming dropped her pose of vagueness. "Peggy, I do not wish to discuss it further. I intend to stay on here for at least another year. Now if you will excuse me I have a job to do." She hung up on her daughter's disgruntled noises at the other end of the line.

125 Mrs. Flemming returned to the kitchen. She folded the two sides of the rectangular towel over the body of the bird. Then she folded in the ends so that the monogram lay on top. She carried the bundle down the apartment hallway past the elevator to the incinerator, where she placed the bird in the V of the chute. Then she closed the heavy metal door.

Edward Phillips

³trousseau — a bride's personal belongings

III. Read the excerpt from *Summer and Smoke* and answer questions 18 to 24 from your Questions Booklet.

from SUMMER AND SMOKE

It is dusk on a May evening in the early 1900's. The setting is a stone angel fountain in the park. Alma, a child of ten, enters. After a few moments in thought she bends to drink from the fountain. John enters and shoots a pea-shooter at her bent back. She utters a startled cry and whirls about. John laughs.

JOHN: Hi, Preacher's daughter. (*He advances toward her.*) I been looking for you.

ALMA (*Hopefully*): You have?

JOHN: Was it you that put them handkerchiefs on my desk? (ALMA *smiles uncertainly*.) Answer up!

ALMA: I put a box of handkerchiefs on your desk.

JOHN: I figured it was you. What was the idea, Miss Priss?

ALMA: You needed them.

JOHN: Trying to make a fool of me?

10 ALMA: Oh, no!

JOHN: Then what was the idea?

ALMA: You have a bad cold and your nose has been running all week. It spoils your appearance.

JOHN: You don't have to look at me if you don't like my appearance.

15 ALMA: I like your appearance.

JOHN (*Coming closer*): Is that why you look at me all the time?

ALMA: I — don't!

JOHN: Oh, yeh, you do. You been keeping your eyes on me all the time. Every time I look around I see them cat eyes of yours looking at me. That was the trouble today when Miss Blanchard asked you where the river Amazon was. She asked you twice and you still didn't answer because you w' lookin' at me. What's the idea? What've 'y' got on y' mind anyhow? Answer up!

20 ALMA: I was only thinking how handsome you'd be if your face wasn't dirty. You know why your face is dirty? Because you don't use a handkerchief and you wipe your nose on the sleeve of that dirty old sweater.

JOHN (*Indignantly*): Hah!

ALMA: That's why I put the handkerchiefs on your desk and I wrapped them up so nobody would know what they were. It isn't my fault that you opened the box in front of everybody!

30 JOHN: What did you think I'd do with a strange box on my desk? Just leave it there till it exploded or something? Sure I opened it up. I didn't expect to find no — *handkerchiefs!* — in it . . .

ALMA (*In a shy trembling voice*): I'm sorry that you were embarrassed. I honestly am awfully sorry that you were embarrassed. Because I wouldn't embarrass 35 you for the world!

JOHN: Don't flatter yourself that I was embarrassed. I don't embarrass that easy.

ALMA: It was stupid and cruel of those girls to laugh.

JOHN: Hah!

ALMA: They should all realize that you don't have a mother to take care of such

Continued

40 things for you. It was a pleasure to me to be able to do something for you, only I didn't want you to know it was me who did it.

JOHN: Hee-haw! Ho-hum! Take 'em back! (*He snatches out the box and thrusts it toward her.*)

ALMA: Please keep them.

45 **JOHN:** What do I want with them? (*She stares at him helplessly. He tosses the box to the ground and goes up to the fountain and drinks. Something in her face softens him and he sits down at the base of the fountain. The dusk gathers deeper.*)

ALMA: Do you know the name of the angel?

50 **JOHN:** Does she have a name?

ALMA: Yes, I found out she does. It's carved in the base, but it's all worn away so you can't make it out with your eyes.

JOHN: Then how do you know it?

ALMA: You have to read it with your fingers. I did and it gave me cold shivers!

55 **JOHN:** You read it and see if it doesn't give you cold shivers! Go on! Read it with your fingers!

JOHN: Why don't you tell me and save me the trouble?

ALMA: I'm not going to tell you. (*JOHN grins indulgently and turns to the pediment,¹ crouching before it and running his fingers along the worn inscription.*)

60 **JOHN:** E?

ALMA: Yes, E is the first letter!

JOHN: T?

ALMA: Yes!

JOHN: E?

65 **ALMA:** E!

JOHN: K?

ALMA: No, no, not K! — R! (*He slowly straightens up.*)

JOHN: Eternity?

ALMA: Eternity! — Didn't it give you the cold shivers?

70 **JOHN:** Nahh.

ALMA: Well, it did me!

JOHN: Because you're a preacher's daughter. Eternity. What is eternity?

ALMA (*In a hushed wondering voice*): It's something that goes on and on when life and death and time and everything else is all through with.

75 **JOHN:** There's no such thing.

ALMA: There is. It's what people's souls live in when they have left their bodies. My name is Alma and Alma is Spanish for soul. Did you know that?

JOHN: Hee-haw! Ho-hum! Have you ever seen a dead person?

ALMA: No.

80 **JOHN:** I have. My dad is a doctor.

ALMA: I know.

JOHN: He wants to send me to college to study to be a doctor but I wouldn't be a doctor for the world. And have to go in a room and watch people dying!

85 **ALMA:** You'll change your mind about that.

JOHN: Oh, no, I won't. I'd rather go to South America on a boat! . . . Give me

Continued

¹pediment — ornamental structure, usually in stone

one of them handkerchiefs. (*She brings them eagerly and humbly to the fountain. He takes one out and wets it at the fountain and scrubs his face with it.*) Is my face clean enough to suit you now?

90 ALMA: Yes! — Beautiful!

JOHN: What!

ALMA: I said “Beautiful”!

JOHN: Well — let’s — kiss each other. (ALMA turns away.)

JOHN: Come on, let’s just try it! (*He seizes her shoulders and gives her a quick rough kiss. She stands amazed with one hand cupping the other. The voice of a child in the distance calls “Johnny! Johnny!” He suddenly snatches at her hair-ribbon, jerks it loose and then runs off with a mocking laugh. Hurt and bewildered, ALMA turns back to the stone angel, for comfort. She crouches at the pediment and touches the inscription with her fingers. The scene dims out with music.*)

100

Tennessee Williams

IV. Read the materials on pages 8 to 13 that contain information about Robin's involvement with the Nalwen Youth Exchange program and answer questions 25 to 32 from your Questions Booklet.

Robin is interested in the Nalwen Youth Exchange program and has collected the following materials to help her apply as a candidate:

- L. Robin's letter to the Nalwen Youth Exchange
- M. A letter of response from the Nalwen Youth Exchange
- N. An informational pamphlet on the Nalwen Youth Exchange
- O. A brochure entitled "Is The Nalwen Youth Exchange For You?"
- P. Nalwen Youth Exchange selection procedures
- Q. Nalwen Youth Exchange participant application form

L. Robin's letter to the Nalwen Youth Exchange

May 25, 1989

Nalwen Youth Exchange Office
P.O. Box 627
Nalwen, Alberta
T9R 3P3

Dear Sir or Madam:

I have just learned about the Nalwen Youth Exchange program through a new friend, Debbie Storre. Debbie, who has just returned from Fiji, was involved with the Nalwen Youth Exchange for a six-month term. Her Canadian/Fijian team lived for three months in an eastern Canadian community doing volunteer work. The same group worked and lived in the exchange country for the remaining three months.

Debbie described the team's good and bad experiences. She admitted that they made some mistakes, which frustrated them. Yet she thinks it was the greatest experience of her life so far. She told me that if I'm sincerely interested in other countries and life-styles, then I should "Go for it!"

I am sincerely interested, so I would very much appreciate receiving any information on the next youth exchange program as well as any forms that I would need to complete in order to apply for the program.

Yours sincerely,

Robin Brown

Continued

M. A letter of response from the Nalwen Youth Exchange

June 2, 1989

Robin Brown
206 Maple Villa
Nalwen, Alberta
T9R 3P7

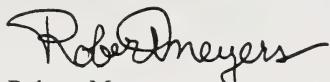
Dear Robin:

Thank you for your letter in which you express interest in the Nalwen Youth Exchange and your desire to become a future candidate.

I am enclosing some information on the Nalwen Youth Exchange program and the selection procedures for choosing participants. Also enclosed is an application form that you should complete and return to this office together with a detailed résumé and a brief composition explaining why and how Nalwen Youth Exchange will benefit by selecting you as a participant.

Thank you again for your interest. If you have any questions or if you wish any additional information, please feel free to contact me at any time.

Yours truly,



Robert Meyers,
Co-ordinator

Continued

N. An informational pamphlet on the Nalwen Youth Exchange

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The very existence of the Nalwen Youth Exchange (NYE), made up of groups of young people of different cultures, customs, and languages, is the living proof that a peaceful future is possible. Once returned to their own communities, our participants will never forget their experiences. They will remain convinced that peace is not just a word, and they will devote their energy to ensuring that it remains a reality.



Herbert Jacquet
Founding President

PURPOSE

The Nalwen Youth Exchange offers young people aged 17 to 20 years a unique experience in learning about development through exchanges with Third World countries. Young people participate in three months of voluntary work in a Canadian community and three months in one of the 17 exchange countries, such as Colombia, Mali, or Indonesia. Each group is made up of seven Canadians and seven participants from the exchange country working together for the full term of the program. This is a challenge that demands participants' energy, flexibility, and constant commitment.

All participants accepted into the program must be totally committed to it, must respect its rules and regulations, and must show initiative. They must demonstrate before, during, and after the program that the Nalwen Youth Exchange was right in selecting them for participation.

Highly qualified personnel experienced in the areas of international co-operation, community development, intercultural relations, and informal education provide guidance for participants and monitor their activities.

HOW TO APPLY

Are you between 17 and 20 years old? Do you want to participate in a very intense and exciting experience for six to eight months? Are you ready to meet all of the program's challenges? Return the attached application form, complete with all necessary information and documentation, to the NYE regional office.

Continued

O. A brochure entitled "Is The Nalwen Youth Exchange For You?"

IS THE NALWEN YOUTH EXCHANGE FOR YOU?

INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION

Development is not an abstract concept. Events that take place here or elsewhere have repercussions on the lives of each and every one of us. The energy crisis, insufficient food production, ecological problems, military confrontations, unemployment, and underemployment clearly illustrate the interdependence of the peoples of the world. It is in this context that the Nalwen Youth Exchange (NYE) can give participants the opportunity to learn to play a part in seeking solutions to the serious questions that humanity faces.

By providing the opportunity to experience and analyse the realities of development both in Canada and abroad, NYE strives to develop in young people:

- an awareness of their personal values
- an understanding of cultural differences
- a desire to participate in the development of their own countries
- a willingness to work toward co-operation based on dignity and mutual respect between Canada and the Third World

LIVING IN AND DISCOVERING A COMMUNITY

The village or town where the participants stay constitutes a principal focus of the experience. First in Canada, then abroad, the young people are called upon to live in a community that is often very different from their own. They must get to know these communities and respect them, to give as much as they receive, and to participate fully in community life. It is important to share their own experiences with their new friends and the families they will be staying with. The work projects enrich the quality of the experience, facilitating integration into the community and fostering the acquisition of technical and social skills.

A FULFILLING EXPERIENCE

The Nalwen Youth Exchange, a practical and unconventional experience, gives participants the opportunity to reap tangible benefits:

- a clearer idea of future options in terms of career or educational choices
- an introduction to one or two second languages
- a better knowledge of oneself and others
- an improved ability in organization
- the acquisition of social, leadership, and communication skills
- the opportunity to experience teamwork

APPRECIATING DIFFERENCES

The essential challenge of the program is the sharing between peoples who are different from one another. Both Canadian and foreign participants will encounter differences in values, attitudes, life-styles, perceptions of male-female roles, concepts of development, etc. In spite of the confrontations that may occur, it is exciting to discover these differences and to learn to understand them.

Continued

P. Nalwen Youth Exchange selection procedures

SELECTION OF PARTICIPANTS

The Nalwen Youth Exchange (NYE) is a demanding program, and participants must be selected in accordance with rigorous criteria. The aim of the selection is twofold:

1. To obtain the best candidates
2. To ensure an accurate representation of Nalwen

INITIAL SELECTION

We always receive more applications than we are able to evaluate. To reduce this number in a way that is fair for all applicants, we take a sample selection that takes into account the "sociodemographic" (community, sex, language, occupation, income) factors only as indicated on the application form.

EVALUATION SESSIONS

All applicants retained following the initial selection are invited to a session during which their aptitudes (flexibility and openness, sensitivity, creativity, judgment, stress tolerance, communication skills) for participation in the program are evaluated. Those who are recommended following this session receive a letter outlining the medical examinations that are needed for them to be accepted. The candidates who are recommended at this stage are not automatically retained as participants. Their files are sent to the General Secretariat, and it is from these candidates that the future participants will be selected.

CHOICE OF PARTICIPANTS

The applicants who have satisfied NYE health requirements are considered for the final selection. Choices are determined by the general aptitude and background of the applicant (student/worker, rural/urban, etc.) so that the candidates selected reflect Nalwen's diversity.

TRAINING PROGRAMS

Two programs are offered each year: in the spring and fall. Deadlines for application are April 30 and August 31. Applicants should indicate their program preference by circling the appropriate date on the application form.

Continued

V. In order for Robin to complete her application for the Nalwen Youth Exchange program, she is required to write a composition explaining how Nalwen Youth Exchange will benefit by selecting her as a participant. Read the following rough draft of Robin's composition and answer questions 33 to 37 from your Questions Booklet.

Paragraph 1

It is a dream shared by many other people in many other lands. World peace and harmony would be a vision come true for me. I believe I can have my vision if I am selected as a participant in the Nalwen Youth Exchange program.

Paragraph 2

If I am selected as a participant in the Nalwen Youth Exchange program, the program will greatly benefit from my support and commitment. I will benefit as well by having the opportunity to work toward making our shared dream a reality. Because we share the same vision and goals, we will enjoy the mutual benefits.

Paragraph 3

If you should select me to participate in your program, you will be choosing a person who is interested in trying to help people in the Third World countries. I agree with Herbert Jacquet, the Founding President, with understanding if we work together we can achieve peace.

Continued

Paragraph 4

As a participant in the Nalwen Youth Exchange program, I will benefit from my learning to better understand and ~~comprehend~~ ^{respect} the values of a different country. ^TThe learning that will take place will be tremendous! I will ~~except~~ ^{accept} the challenges and demands of the program in a responsible and enthusiastic manner. As well, I will have the opportunity to improve my social, organizational and leadership skills.

Paragraph 5

Today we hear and see many world leaders talking about getting rid of dangerous weapons. They now know how important it is to work for peace. So I believe my dream of world peace can be a reality, and I would like to work for my dream through the Nalwen Youth Exchange program.

VI. Read “Cross” and answer questions 38 to 44 from your Questions Booklet.

CROSS

He has leaned for hours against the veranda railing
gazing the darkened garden out of mind
while she with battened hatches rides out the wind
that will blow for a year or a day, there is no telling.

5 As to why they are cross she barely remembers now.
That they *are* cross, she is certain. They hardly speak.
Feel cold and hurt and stoney. For a week
have without understanding behaved so.

10 And will continue so to behave for neither
can come to that undemanded act of love —
kiss the sleeping princess or sleep with the frog¹ —
and break the spell which holds them each from the other.

15 Or if one ventures towards it, the other, shy
dissembles, regrets too late the dissimulation²
and sits hands slack, heart tiny, the hard solution
having again passed by.

Silly the pair of them. Yet they make me weep.
Two on a desert island, back to back
who, while the alien world howls round them black
20 go their own ways, fall emptily off to sleep.

P.K. Page

¹kiss the sleeping princess or sleep with the frog — reference to the two classic tales
“The Sleeping Beauty” and “The Frog Prince”

²dissimulation — the concealment of true feelings or intentions

VII. Read "The Miraculous Phonograph Record" and answer questions 45 to 56 from your Questions Booklet.

THE MIRACULOUS PHONOGRAPH RECORD

Sometime soon after I was 13 years old in 1921 I rode home from the heart of Fresno¹ with a wind-up Victor phonograph under my arm, hitched above my hipbone, and one Victor record. On a bicycle, that is.

5 The bicycle went to pieces from the use I gave it as a Postal Telegraph messenger.

The phonograph developed motor trouble soon after my first book was published; and while I was traveling in Europe for the first time, in 1935, it was given to the Salvation Army.

But I still have the record, and I have a special fondness for it.

10 The reason I have a special fondness for it is that whenever I listen to it, I remember what happened when I reached home with the phonograph and the record.

The phonograph had cost ten dollars and the record 75 cents, both brand new. I had earned the money as a messenger in my first week of work, plus four dollars and twenty-five cents not spent.

15 My mother had just got home from Guggenheim's, where, judging from the expression on her face, she had been packing figs in eight-ounce packs, which I knew was the weight and size that was least desired by the packers, because a full day of hard work doing eight-ounce packs, at so much per pack, meant only about a dollar and a half, or at the most two dollars, whereas, if they were

20 packing four-ounce packs, they could earn three and sometimes even four dollars which in those days was good money, and welcome, especially as the work at Guggenheim's, or at any of the other dried-fruit packinghouses such as Rosenberg's or Inderrieden's, was seasonal, and the season was never long.

When I walked into the house, all excited, with the phonograph hitched to 25 my hip, my mother gave me a look that suggested an eight-ounce day. She said nothing, however, and I said nothing, as I placed the phonograph on the round table in the parlor, checked it for any accidents to exposed parts that might have happened in transit, found none, lifted the record from the turntable where the girl in the store had fixed it with two big rubber bands, examined both sides of 30 it, and noticed that my mother was watching. While I was still cranking the machine, she spoke at last, softly and politely, which I knew meant she didn't like the looks of what was going on. She spoke in Armenian.

"Willie, what is that you have there?"

35 "This is called a phonograph."

"Where did you get this phonograph?"

"I got it from Sherman, Clay, on Broadway."

"The people at Sherman, Clay — did they give you this phonograph?"

"No, I paid for it."

40 "How much did you pay, Willie?"

"Ten dollars."

"Ten dollars is a lot of money in this family. Did you find the ten dollars

Continued

¹Fresno — Californian city

in the street perhaps?"'

"No, I got the ten dollars from my first week's pay as a Postal Telegraph messenger. And 75 cents for the record."

45 "And how much money have you brought home for the whole family — for rent and food and clothing — out of your first week's pay?"

"Four dollars and twenty-five cents. My pay is fifteen dollars a week."

Now, the record is on the machine, and I am about to put the needle to the revolving disc when I suddenly notice that I had better forget it and get out of there, which I do, and just in time too. The screen door of the back porch slams once for me, and then once for my mother.

50 As I race around the house, I become aware of two things: (1) that it's a beautiful evening, and (2) that Levon Kemalyan's father, who is a very dignified man, is standing in front of his house across the street with his mouth a little open, watching. Well, he's an elder at the First Armenian Presbyterian Church; he isn't from Bitlis, as we are; he's not a Saroyan, and this sort of thing comes as a surprise to him. Surely Takoohi Saroyan and her son are not racing around their house for exercise, or in an athletic contest of some kind, so why are they running?

60 In a spirit of neighborliness I salute Mr. Kemalyan as I race to the front porch and back into the parlor, where I quickly put needle to disc, and hurry to the dining room, from whence I can both witness the effect of the music on my mother, and, if necessary, escape to the back porch, and out into the yard again.

65 The music of the record begins to come from the machine just as my mother gets back into the parlor.

For a moment it looks as if she is going to ignore the music and continue the chase, and then suddenly it happens — the thing that makes the record something to cherish forever.

70 My mother comes to a halt, perhaps only to catch her breath, perhaps to listen to the music — there's still no way of telling for sure.

75 As the music moves along, I can't help noticing that my mother either is too tired to run anymore or is actually listening. And then I notice that she is *very definitely* listening. I watch her turn from the chase to the machine. I watch her take one of the six cane chairs that have remained in the family from the time of my father, from 1911, and move it to the round table. I watch her sit down. I notice now that her expression no longer suggests that she is tired and angry. I remember the man in the Bible who was mad and was comforted by somebody playing a harp. I stand in the doorway to the parlor, and when the record ends I go to the machine, lift the needle from the disc and stop the motor.

80 Without looking at me, my mother says, this time in English, "All right, we keep this." And then in softly spoken Armenian, "Play it again, I beg of you."

I quickly give the crank a few spins and put needle to disc again.

85 This time when the needle comes to the end of the record my mother says, "Show me how it's done." I show her, and she starts the record a third time for herself.

90 Well, of course the music *is* beautiful, but only a moment ago she had been awfully mad at me for what she had felt had been the throwing-away of most of my week's wages for some kind of ridiculous piece of junk. And then she had heard the music; she had got the message, and the message had informed her that not only had the money *not* been thrown away, it had been wisely invested.

She played the record six times while I sat at the table in the dining room

Continued

looking through a small catalogue of records given to me free of charge by the girl at Sherman, Clay, and then she said, "You have brought home only the one record?"

95 "Well, there's another song on the other side."

I went back to the machine, turned the record over, and put it in place.

"What is this other one?"

"Well, it's called 'Song of India.' I've never heard it. At the store I listened only to the first one, which is called 'Cho-Cho-San.' "

100 "What is the meaning of *that* — 'Cho-Cho-San'?"

"It's just the name of the song, I guess. Would you like to hear the other one, 'Song of India'?"

"I beg of you."

Now, as the other members of the family came home, they heard music 105 coming from the parlor, and when they went in they saw the brand-new phonograph, and my mother sitting on the cane chair, directly in front of it, listening.

110 Why wouldn't that record be something I would want to keep as long as possible, and something I deeply cherish? Almost instantly it had won over my mother to art, and for all I know marked the point at which she began to suspect that her son rightfully valued some things higher than he valued money, and possibly even higher than he valued food, drink, shelter and clothing.

115 A week later she remarked to everybody during supper that the time had come to put some of the family money into a second record, and she wanted to know what was available. I got out the catalogue and went over the names, but they meant nothing to her, so she told me to just go to the store and pick out something *hrashali*, the Armenian word for miraculous, which I was happy to do.

120 Now, as I listen to the record again, 42 years later, and try to guess what happened, I think it was the banjo beat that got my mother, that spoke directly to her as if to one long known, deeply understood, and totally loved; the banjo chords just back of the clarinet that remembered everything gone, accepted everything present, and waited for anything more still to come, echoing in and out of the story of the Japanese girl betrayed by the American sailor, the oboe saying words and the saxophone choking on swallowed emotion: "Fox Trot (On Melodies by G. Puccini, arranged by Hugo Frey) Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. 18777-A."

125 After that, whenever other members of the family attacked me for some seeming eccentricity, my mother always patiently defended me until she lost her temper, whereupon she shouted, "He is not a businessman, thank goodness."

William Saroyan

VIII. Read the excerpt from *Ladies In Retirement* and answer questions 57 to 64 from your Questions Booklet.

from LADIES IN RETIREMENT

The year is 1885. The action is set in the living room of a large English farmhouse. Miss Leonora Fiske is in her sixties; her manner is active and youthful. It is obvious that she wears cosmetics and an auburn wig. Her companion and housekeeper is Ellen Creed. Ellen is younger than Leonora, dignified, and dresses plainly. Ellen's senile sisters, Louisa and Emily, have been staying at Leonora's house.

LEONORA: I'm sorry I was so put out, Ellen. But there's a limit to patience, you know.

ELLEN: It's I who should have apologized.

LEONORA: Nonsense, dear. I mustn't expect you to be responsible for your
5 sisters.

ELLEN: But I am responsible for them.

LEONORA: I don't want to add to your troubles, and I know what a burden they are, but . . .

ELLEN: Oh, but, Leonora, they're no burden at all. When my father was dying
10 he made them over to me. They're a sacred trust — just as if they were my children. I've always looked after them. I've supported them. Every penny I earn goes to them.

LEONORA (*Crosses to piano — starts to polish*): My dear, you must be either a saint or a fool!

15 ELLEN: They have been a little naughty today, I admit. But I'll give them a good talking to, and then everything will be all right.

LEONORA (*Firmly*): That won't do, Ellen. I'm trying to tell you, as kindly as I can, that they've got to go.

20 ELLEN (*She seems stunned.*): To go? When? (*There is a pause.*) When do you want them to go?

LEONORA: At once. This week. I can't stand them any longer. I'm at the end of my tether.

ELLEN: I don't know how I shall break it to them.

25 LEONORA (*Growing exasperated*): But, my dear Ellen, I only invited them here for a few weeks. Didn't they understand that? They've been here nearly four months.

ELLEN: Oh, no! Surely not as long as that?

LEONORA: They came at the beginning of June, and now we're well into September. And another thing. I don't think you've been quite fair to me.
30 You never told me they were — well, what they are.

ELLEN: I told you they were rather pathetic.

LEONORA: Yes, my dear; but pathetic's not next door to insane.

ELLEN (*Almost savagely*): They're not insane!

35 LEONORA: Naturally, you put the best side of the picture forward. They're your own flesh and blood. But, insane or pathetic or whatever you choose to call them, they've overstayed their welcome. I won't have them here any longer.

Continued

(Crosses with polish and duster, puts them on landing)

ELLEN: Well, I don't quite know where I'll be able to send them.

LEONORA: But surely they've only got to get into a train and go back where
40 they came from?

ELLEN: No. I didn't keep on their room.

LEONORA: But, my dear! You knew they weren't coming here on a visit for
life!

ELLEN: I didn't want the expense. Besides, I hoped that perhaps you might have
45 taken to them more than you have. I hoped we might be able to arrange something. It's a large house. There are several empty rooms. I was going to suggest that I should pay you something out of my wages toward their keep.

LEONORA: Oh, you were, were you? And is that why Louisa made that odd
50 remark just now?

ELLEN: What odd remark?

LEONORA: That you'd promised her she could stay through the winter!

ELLEN: I never promised her.

LEONORA: I suspected something of the sort at the time.

55 ELLEN: I admit I didn't realize quite how you felt. You've never given an inkling of it.

LEONORA: My dear Ellen, are you quite blind? You must have seen that I've got more and more exasperated.

ELLEN: I thought we might have gone on as we were for a little longer.

60 LEONORA: Well, you know how I feel now. I hope you realize we can't. This little holiday has come to an end.

ELLEN: You make me feel my position very much. I suppose you want me to go, too?

LEONORA: My dear Ellen, of course not! We got on like a house on fire before
65 they came. I don't regard you, dear, as my servant. I think of you as my friend. You know my pillar-to-post career hasn't made me any permanent ones. Mine's a lonely existence. Terribly lonely. It's bound to be. And I've no family — no relations to fall back on. So, you see, I value your companionship. More, perhaps, than you realize. I definitely don't want you to go.

70 ELLEN: I'm afraid it won't be altogether easy to forget what you think about my sisters. Or that you turned them out when they were so happy.

LEONORA: But I haven't turned them out! Their visit's just come to its end in the normal way. That's all.

ELLEN: Things can never be quite the same, can they?

75 LEONORA: Ellen! Don't tell me that you're crazy, too! For goodness sake, try to see this thing sensibly. Don't you realize that you're being frightfully unreasonable?

ELLEN: But it's a little cruel to give with one hand only to take away with the other.

80 LEONORA: Oh, my goodness! You're beginning to make me wish I'd never given at all!

ELLEN: People have always been very generous to you, Leonora. You've got a home. You've got investments. You've got your one or two — allowances,

Continued

haven't you?

85 **LEONORA:** Well, what of it? (*Crosses up left, paces about room*)
ELLEN: My sisters and I — we haven't any gentlemen to send us money.
LEONORA: That's hardly my fault, is it?
ELLEN: No, but don't you ever feel that you have a special responsibility to women like us?

90 **LEONORA** (*Still moving about*): I don't know what you're talking about!
ELLEN: I've had to work for the money I've made. But at least I've kept my self-respect.
LEONORA (*Raging*): How dare you? How dare you criticize my life? Do you think it hasn't been slavery to get the little I've got? How can you, a dried-up old spinster — how *can* you understand anything of what my life's been?
95 Do you think I haven't had my torments? Do you think I don't envy women who've got families, who aren't just forgotten or pensioned off?
ELLEN: Then you can't blame me for fighting for *my* family!

100 **LEONORA:** Ellen, you're a hypocrite. You're worse. You're a cheat. You've pretended to be my friend. But it wasn't friendship you felt for me. You meant to batten on me and get the utmost out of me. You wanted to foist your wretched brood on me indefinitely. You wanted to manoeuvre me into a false position and bleed me white. And when I saw through your little scheme you had the insolence to turn on me and abuse me. But you've chosen the wrong woman! (*Going to the kitchen door*) I suggest you take a month's wages and go. (*She stands looking at the seated ELLEN. She is shaking with rage. Then to her amazement ELLEN crumples up. She bursts into tears.*)

105 **ELLEN:** Leonora, don't go like that. Don't go, please. I'm absolutely in the wrong. I didn't mean half I said. I'm dreadfully sorry.

110 **LEONORA** (*Still quivering*): I should hope you are!
ELLEN: You're quite right about my sisters. They are — peculiar. I don't wonder they've got on your nerves. I think perhaps they've got on mine, too, and that's why I said what I did. But, you see, I love them. I love them intensely — just because they are so helpless. They're almost a religion with me. You're quite right, though, Leonora. They can't stay here. They must go. I see that. I'll send them away. I'll arrange it at once. Only don't send me away, too. I've been so happy here. And I promise everything shall be the same as before. Only don't send me away. (*LEONORA, moved but still hurt, crosses to her and lays her hand on ELLEN'S arm.*)

115 **LEONORA:** Well, I think we'd better both sleep on it, Ellen. (*Then she goes quietly and quickly out into the kitchen. Almost immediately the door at the foot of the stairs opens and LOUISA and EMILY steal in. Like wicked children, they have obviously been listening. They come softly to either side of the sofa where ELLEN is still sitting. They look rather like three witches as they whisper together.*)

120 **LOUISA:** Ellen, we've been listening. Isn't she terrible, Ellen? She's wicked. Are you going to send us away? You promised you wouldn't, you know.
ELLEN (*Putting her arms round them*): No, I'm not going to send you away.
EMILY: She spoils everything. I wish *she* could go!

125 **LOUISA:** But, Ellen, if you're not going to send us away, what are you going to do, Ellen?
ELLEN (*Her face distraught*): I don't know. I shall have to think.
LOUISA: Dear Ellen! Always so clever.

Edward Percy and Reginald Denham

IX. Read the excerpt from *The Learning Tree* and answer questions 65 to 70 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE LEARNING TREE

Newt couldn't remember ever walking alone with his mother, just the two of them sharing moments as they did this evening. And for the first time, subconsciously measuring his gait with hers, he realized that even at twelve he was a little taller than she. He suddenly felt protective toward her, and his mind snatched at an

5 illusion wherein he might defend her against an intruder on this lonely road, this very evening. And he envisaged doing so in the same manner as Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix or maybe William S. Hart.¹ The last eventful forty-eight hours had nudged his imagination to a fertile awakening, and he was full of thoughts, ideas and questions.

10 Halfway home, he broke into his mother's humming.

"Momma, can I ask you somethin'?"

"Yes, boy. What you want to ask me?"

Newt pondered briefly, and Sarah slowed her pace. "Well, I don't know offhand, just about people and things like that."

15 Sarah smiled to herself, for she remembered that for the past year she had wanted to talk with Newt about "people and things" but thought him too young to understand the things she wanted to speak of. She had planned especially for him, her youngest, since the day he was born, but in the trials of living and caring for all the others she found it hard to clarify and formulate these plans.

20 Now she welcomed the breakthrough. "Newt, you just ask me anything you want and I'll try to answer you."

"Well, after the storm, Poppa said that the storm and the people killed and everything was the doin' of God. You care if I ask you why he kills some people and not the others? Poppa said hisself that Mister Pullens was a good man. And 25 why did some of the town git torn up and the rest didn't?"

Sarah Winger came to a complete stop, and Newt was instantly afraid he had offended her. He took a step beyond his mother, his face pointed straight ahead, eyes lowered and cast sideways for the reaction. Her lips parted, but she didn't speak immediately; then she started moving again.

30 "Newt."

"Yessem."

"You know your poppa and me are religious people, don't you?"

"Yessem."

35 "Well, it would be real easy for me to say, you don't question the ways of God — and I was tempted to — but I know deep in my heart that there's more to it than that. It's true he guides us. But we cain't depend on him for everything. We gotta do things for ourself. Now, maybe if Jim had built himself a storm cellar or a stronger house, he wouldn't a got killed so easy. And if little Fannie Johnson's momma hadn't been drunk, she'd a held onto that lamp and her daughter 40 wouldn't a got burnt. It's like I say, we got to do some things for ourself. If you got a battle to fight, you cain't rightfully ask the Lord to help you and not the

Continued

¹Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix, William S. Hart — early Hollywood cowboy heroes

other fella. Now can you?"'

"No, ma'am."

45 "No, son, you got to fight and hope God likes the way you're using your fists. And that goes for the boy you're fightin'. Ain't neither one of you got time for prayin' while you're flingin' fists. Too many people, especially some of ours, boy, sit round waitin' when they should be out doin'. You got to always remember that, boy, always."

"Yessem. Are we gonna live here all our life?"'

50 Sarah looked searchingly at him. "Don't you like it here?"'

"I don't know Momma. I ain't never been no place else."

55 "I hope you won't have to stay here all your life, Newt. It ain't a all-good place and it ain't a all-bad place. But you can learn just as much here about people and things as you can learn any place else. Cherokee Flats is sorta like a fruit tree. Some of the people are good and some of them are bad — just like the fruit on a tree. You know that, don't you, boy?"'

"Yessem."

60 "Well, if you learn to profit from the good and bad these people do to each other, you'll learn a lot 'bout life. And you'll be a better man for that learnin' someday. Understand?"'

"Yessem."

"No matter if you go or stay, think of Cherokee Flats like that till the day you die — let it be your learnin' tree."

"Do we all have to die someday?"'

65 "That's one thing we all have to do, boy. No matter who you are. That's why it's so important to be ready when your time comes."

"You mean to be a Christian, like you and Poppa?"'

70 "In a way — in a way. But it's even more than sayin' you're a Christian. It's a matter of givin' more to this world than you take away from it. So when you die you don't owe it anything. It's bein' able to love when you want'a hate — to forgive them that work against you — to tell the truth even when it hurts — to share your bread, no matter how hungry you are yourself. Dyin' comes easy when you know you've done all these things right."

Gordon Parks

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